

—Bishop Thomas Valpy French died recently from sunstroke at Muscat in Arabia on the shores of the Persian Gulf. For many years he was a distinguished missionary in India, and at intervals held high clerical preferment in England. For his devoted labors during the Afghan war he was presented by the government with a "sword of honor." As he was a man of large fortune, his episcopal income was devoted to works of charity.



## Our Book Table.

CHARLES GRANDISON FINNEY. By G. P. Fisher. Wright, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.25.

The name of Professor Wright in connection with the name of President Finney is a happy combination, and we are not disappointed to find an interesting and appreciative biography of one of the ablest American religious leaders, in many respects, but President Finney will be known chiefly as an evangelist, rather than as a scholar, a philosopher, or an educator. Indeed, Prof. Wright himself acknowledges that "Finney came to himself without a formulated system of theology in his mind." The commencement of his teaching in Oberlin was the commencement, also, of his systematic study of theology. President Finney was a man of heart; and it is sadly true that while in practical and, in a proper sense, worldly affairs he gave his heart the reins, in his theological and speculative theories he yielded the supremacy to his head. He erred, therefore, more widely than he otherwise would have done. But it must be said, also, that he was thoroughly sincere in his beliefs, whether theological or philosophical. Had he, however, talked to the common people in his evangelistic labors just as he believed, he would not have had the success he did have, because the common people, by their common sense, would have easily discovered the error, though they could not formulate a reply. They—to use such a phrase—thought with their hearts. So did President Finney when he was not bound by a system. His work at Oberlin in defense of the anti-slavery movement is one of the grandest works of his life; and yet here he followed Arthur Tappan rather than Garrison and Phillips, the former said: "Down with slavery, but by peaceful means." The latter cried continually, until the monster was pierced by the sword: "Down with slavery, every way, peace or no peace!" But Finney and others of his co-workers on this question exposed the abject enmity of slavery, and so helped the great cause. In this biography, rich, earnest and thorough, one can get an interesting account of a distinguished man.

PROPHET AND HISTORIAN IN RELATION TO THE MESSIAH. By Alfred Edersheim, M. A., Oxon, D. D., Ph. D. New York: Arno D. F. Randolph & Company. Price, \$1.75.

This volume embraces the Warburton Lectures for 1880-1884, and is a new and the author's edition. Edersheim belongs to what is now called the old school of prophetic interpretation. He clings to the traditional view, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable arguments that have been given against it. That there was a spiritual prophecy and a spiritual fulfillment, large, broad, massive, divine, there is no doubt; and to minimize it by a wrenching of details to suit a preconceived and pre-established theory is not scholarly nor commendable. Here is Dr. Edersheim's method, as irrational and un-Biblical as he claims the opposite theory to be, when it is remembered that the same text of history must perform be applied to the so-called prophecy as to the so-called fulfillment. "But it seems to me," he says, "that Christian divines have not only quoted this vast range of historical fact, but have contrived, alike to sound reasoning and to the example of the New Testament, in support of their own individual prophecies referred to Christ, instead of first presenting their actual historical fulfillment in Him. Had they begun with this, they would have exhibited the fundamental principle which underlies all prophecy, and shown the true sense in which these prophecies must refer to Christ." This is the rational method, which is the very method Christ Himself taught. Dr. Edersheim is confessedly a distinguished scholar, but it needs more and better than this to lay foundations of sound and healthy religion.

WHO WROTE THE BIBLE? By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.25.

This volume is called "a book for the people." Dr. Gladden attempts to answer some of the questions which only critics, not people at large, are asking everywhere. The position of advanced biblical criticism is taken by the author; and Dr. Gladden silences the claim, as so many are doing lately, that a scholar and a Christian cannot abandon the old traditional views of the Bible and still remain a scholar and a Christian. He is conservative of the best of the old, traditional view, and the great and marvelous truths which it holds and ever will hold. This is a word of wisdom and fact that is too often forgotten:

"What is the power that has wrought all this out of the existence of God, I point you to the life of the Jewish people as the Bible records it. That history is the revelation of God. In the records of the nation, its privileges and its vicissitudes, its captivities and its restorations, its blessings and its chastenings, its institutions and its laws, its leaders and its legends, its great and its lowly, in all the forces that combine to make up the great movement of the national life, I see God present all the while, shaping the end of this nation, no matter how perverse it may now seem, till at last it stands on an elevation far above the other nations, breathing a better atmosphere, thinking nobler thoughts, and doing nobler deeds. It is a gradual and finally rooted out of the national consciousness; the family established and honored as in no other nation; many lifted up to a dignity and purity which elsewhere else in the world; the Sabbath of rest sanctified; the principles of the Decalogue fastened in the convictions of the people; the sure foundations laid of the kingdom of God in the world."

This lies at the root of the whole matter, and not simply of Old Testament criticism. We can commend to the people this volume; for in it they will find much to increase their faith, if they will see that some old views must be abandoned. Those desiring the truth above everything else, will find at least the way to it pointed out in popular and clear language.

FROM MANHOOD TO THRONES. By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. Historical Publishing Company: Philadelphia, Pa.

The publishers can well call this the "monumental work" of Dr. Talmage. As the title too faintly implies, it is a life of Christ; and is written so that "a business man, getting home at 8 o'clock at night and starting from home next morning at 7 o'clock, may profitably take up, and in the few minutes before he starts and after he returns, read in snatches and understand." It is needless to say that it is written in the picturesque vivid style, both of language and thought, which characterizes all of this celebrated clergyman's work. Even the titles of the various chapters indicate this, as "Morning Glories," "Folding up a Cyclopedia on Genesaret," "Dementia and Hunger in Desolations." One need not expect to find a strictly critical or scholarly biography, for if one does, he will be disappointed. As this handsome book is sold only by subscription, it is to be presumed that there will be many subscribers. For Dr. Talmage has hosts of admirers everywhere. It is copiously illustrated, and the colored plates, usually poor, are in this volume of excellent beauty.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. By Sara Jeanne Duncan. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Of all bright, unconventional and original books of travel, this is, up to date, entitled to precedence. The rollicking good humor of the author, her quaint, fresh and altogether attractive views, together with her keen and truthful, if sometimes caustic, transcript of English social life, render the book as fascinating as a novel, and a revelation of what a book of travel can be. Its numerous quaint illustrations illuminate the text and give an added zest to the volume. Miss Duncan, while keenly critical of the follies of the English, has a hearty word of praise for many of their personal and social traits. Any one at all familiar with English life will furnish much that is both novel and instructive. The reader will be loth to lay the book down, when once begun, until he has reached the last page, so delightfully does it flow on from beginning to end.

THE IRON GAME: A Tale of the War. By Henry F. Keenan. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

A story of deep interest for the boys; because, for many generations yet to come, those tales which embody in themselves any reference to our Civil War, will be read. There is a graphic picture of the state of things just previous to the war, and Jack Sprague is only a representative of hundreds of other young men in our Northern cities and towns. The happy union of Jack and Kate Boone is, however, only one of the too few of such a character when the dreadful war was over. This, perhaps, is Mr. Keenan's best story; it certainly is in its timely interest.

TERMOLOLA. By Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, \$1.

A very touching and tender story. It is of a poor and friendless old man, "Iermola," to whom he desires to get a view of Poland and Polish life and character—though that life and character are like those for the most part of the rest of the world, and will find special marks of interest. To trace the emotions of happiness, pleasure, and satisfaction as they moved in the heart of Iermola, is by no means an unpleasant part of this story. The author here brings out his best points, though his descriptions are sometimes graphic and vivid. Mr. M. Carey is the translator.

CHANSONS POPULAIRES DE LA FRANCE. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Thomas Frederick Crane, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is another "Nugget" in the Knickerbocker Series, and gives a selection from popular ballads of the French. Ballads of this nation are always the most popular, and deal with substantially the same subjects. Looking at the titles alone of these songs, we should almost conclude that we were reading some old English ballads; as, e. g., *La Jolie Fille de la Garde* and *Les Trois Tambours*. And yet, too, the ballads, like the stories of the French, have a peculiar and distinct flavor. Prof. Crane says that the songs which he has here edited with such skill and scholarship are but "fragmentary and represent very imperfectly the original form." We need not add that the printing of this volume is beautiful, and the illustrations, from the collections of Champfleury and Mendès, are in keeping.

THE STORY OF AN ABDUCTION IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY. By J. Van Lennep. New York: W. S. Gotsberger & Co.

There is an ancient spirit of adventurous conduct in this story, but it is not wholly destitute of modern interest. Catharine d'Orleans is seen to-day, and Montaigne walks these streets. Their enemies are in every copse and every haunt of vice. The passions which moved Catharine, Montaigne, and their enemies, more human hearts to-day. There is, therefore, human interest in this story which Mrs. Clara Bell has translated from the Dutch for our edification and delight.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. Funk & Wagnall's New York.

A Reference Book of Facts, Statistics, and General Information on all phases of the Drink Question, the Temperance Movement, and the Prohibition Agitation, is the way this book of over 600 pages is secondly entitled. We are sure that this volume gives a most complete and comprehensive reference to all the various phases of this accused evil. It is a perfect library of information. "Ethics of License," "Local Option," "Common Law," "Burnham," "Republican Party," "Rum Power," "Russia," will give you the faintest idea of the scope and statement. To every temperance advocate of whatever school, to every clergyman, to every statesman, to every teacher of public, private, or Sunday schools, we cordially recommend this valuable volume.

SKETCHES OF JEWISH LIFE IN THE FIRST CENTURY. By James Strong, S. T. D., LL. D. (New York: Hunt & Eaton. 60 cents.) This volume embraces two narrative sketches, written in a very pleasant and attractive style, by the professor of exegetical theology in Drew Theological Seminary. They can be read with great profit, being, "Nicodemus; or, Scenes in the Days of Our Lord," "Gamaliel; or, Scenes in the Times of Saint Paul." A BOX OF MONKEYS AND OTHER FABLES. COMEDIES. By Grace Livingston Furness. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) These are four very funny farces with a modern spirit and modern catches. "A Box of Monkeys," "The Jack Trust," "The Venerable Savage," and "Tulu."—OLIVE'S STORY. By Mrs. O. F. Walton. (American Tract Society: 54 Bromfield St., Boston. 75 cents.) A story-book for younger readers. A girl's life at home and at school is told in an attractive way.

## Magazines and Periodicals.

"Visions," by Rev. George Edward Reed, D. D., LL. D.; "Primitive Man," by Thomas Scott Bacon, D. D.; "Professor Huxley's Latest Polemic against the Christian Faith," by Rev. Geo. W. King; and "A Few of the Chief Contrasts between the Essential Doctrine of Buddhism and of Christianity," by St. M. Monier-Williams, K. C. I. E., are the articles served to readers in *Christian Thought* for April. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham, publisher.

The June *Sanitarian* has some timely papers, among which may be mentioned: "Prevention and Cure of Disease," by G. P. Conn, A. M., M. D.; "Shall the United States Have a Department of Public Health?" by Committee of American Medical Association; "The Hygienic Value of Forests," by Prof. E. Ebermyer; "Physical Hygiene and the Bicycle," by A. D. Rockwell, M. D. The *American News Company*: New York.

The *Missionary Review of the World* for July is brighter and more interesting than usual. It is abreast of missionary effort and zeal. Funk & Wagnall's New York.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* for July opens with a new serial story by George B. Burgh, called "A Quaker Story." London's *Drinks* is a paper full of information on interesting Water. New chapters are given in "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers." Two complete stories, and miscellaneous papers on interesting topics, with fashion notes.

and the "Gatherer," fill the other pages of this pleasing home periodical. Cassell Publishing Company: New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for July is a photograph from a painting by E. A. Waterlow, called "The Night before the Shearing." The leading article is the second paper on "The Royal Academy," by M. H. Spielmann, which is copiously illustrated with reproductions from the more striking pictures of the exhibition. The second part of S. Bing's "Study of Hokusai," "The Royal Holloway School Picture Gallery," "The English School of Miniature Art," "Constable's Country," with the thorough record of art news in both hemispheres, round out a most attractive and valuable issue of this monthly. Cassell Publishing Company: New York.

The June *Pulpit* contains several sermons worth reading. The preachers are: Rev. J. E. Lancelotti, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, D. D., Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., Rev. Canon Duckworth, etc. Edwin Rose, Publisher: Buffalo, New York.

"Anti American Canadian Catholic Conventions," "Unmixed Self-Rule for Cities," "American Municipal Reform," "Are Americans Becoming Ambitious?" A Monday Lecture, etc., make up a good number of *Our Day* for June. Boston: Our Day Publishing Company.

The *Boys' Own Paper* for June, issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, presents a good table of contents, embracing many subjects which must prove of value to boys who are thoughtful and willing to learn. The range of subjects treated is by no means limited, and considering the low subscription price (only \$2 a year), ought to find many supporters.

Grace King provides a novelette entitled, "The Chevalier Alain de Triton," for the *July Chautauquan*. A symposium on "Where Should a College be Located?" is furnished by Prof. Seelye, Boyesen and Adams, and Presidents Angell, Harper and Rogers. The "Woman's Council Table" continues to be an able and interesting department. This number of the magazine is filled with readable matter. Dr. Theodore L. Flood, editor: Meadville, Pa.

For information upon photography the *Photographic Times* is indispensable. The professional and amateur photographer would undoubtedly take better photographs if he took this magazine. New York: The Photographic Times Publishing Association.

## THE NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY.

REV. R. H. HOWARD.

The twelfth session of the New England Assembly is advertised to begin July 14, and to continue until the 24th. The many readers of ZION'S HERALD interested in this enterprise will doubtless be glad to know something in regard to its program. And it gives us pleasure to assure all these friends of this good cause that a feast of fat things, as usual, has been provided. Indeed, there is reason to believe that a very superior program has been furnished, embracing many of the best lecturers and entertainments the country affords. The musical department seems to be especially well represented. True, the *habitués* of the Assembly will miss some old friends and favorites in this department—Mrs. Rogers, pianist, and Prof. Pike, organist, who have been identified with the Assembly from the beginning; and Miss Annie Parke, cornetist, who has so delighted the multitudes on these grounds for several years. But, instead, we are to have for organist Prof. W. W. Cobb, of Waltham, Mass., a very popular musical artist, and held, we are told, in marked favor by the music-loving part of the community; for cornetist, Dr. Richard Shuebruk, late principal cornetist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and one of the best musicians of the country; for pianist, Miss Myra L. Pond, of Natick, Mass., "a young lady of pleasant, prompt and strong action, thoroughly qualified, and a great favorite among Sunday-school workers." The quartet will consist of Mr. Frank May (bass), late of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, England, who is said to have a very effective, powerful baritone voice, and who has been received hitherto with great enthusiasm in his rendering of the noted solos from "The Messiah," "Samson," "The Creation," "Twelfth Mass," etc.; Miss Evangeline Houghton (soprano), of Somerville, a member of the Piedmont Church choir, Worcester, where she has taken high rank and become a great favorite; Mr. Charles B. Shirley (tenor), of Lynn, Mass., the son of a well-known vocalist, and himself a musical genius, for eight years a member of the famous St. Stephen's boy choir, being possessed of a rich, sympathetic tenor voice, highly appreciated wherever he sings; Miss Lucie A. Tucker (contralto), of Chelsea, Mass., who, participating in many engagements in oratorio, ballad, and classical concerts, has secured the reputation of having a rich voice with a wide range and unusually good power. In addition to the foregoing, whose musical entertainments are to constitute the more steady diet of the Assembly patrons, there will be concerts by the celebrated G. Rob. Clark Concert Co., of Boston; by an orchestra of thirteen pieces; by the Ship Brothers, English bell-ringers, 150 bells; by the Bryant-Robertson Combination Co., of New York, embracing performances on the zither, tumbleronica, staff-bells and banjos; also college songs, and the great oratorio and other concert under the leadership of the inimitable Prof. Schaulfer. Mention should here be made of the fact that the services of a special tenor soloist, Mr. Sydney Woodward, of Memphis, Tenn., a colored vocalist of considerable reputation, have been secured.

Among the eminent speakers engaged are such men as Geo. Makepeace Towle, Dr. J. M. Durrell, President Andrews, of Providence, and President Gates, of Amherst College; the latter will deliver the Recognition Day address. The afternoon lecturers, representing the best scholarship of Amherst, Colby, Brown, Yale, Dartmouth, Oberlin, Newton, and Boston Universities, and embracing

three college presidents, two college professors, one member of Congress, one State senator, two eminent ministers, and two professional lecturers, are obviously of a character and quality fully equalling those of any previous Assembly. The Assembly people without exception will greet Prof. Leonard Vincent with unalloyed delight. No other lecturer on the Assembly platform has elicited more lavish or unqualified praise or more unbounded enthusiasm than did this young man last year. Prof. Vincent, son of Rev. B. T. Vincent, a famous Sunday-school man, and nephew of Bishop Vincent, needs no lustre borrowed from those who bear his illustrious name to secure a wide and attentive hearing at the approaching session of the New England Assembly. His literary lectures will constitute the treat of a lifetime. Since his appearance here a year ago, Prof. Vincent has taken to himself a wife. It is hoped he will bring his bride with him.

One of the new features of this forthright Assembly is to be the Demorest Gold Medal Oratorical prize contest, which is to occur at the auditorium, on Thursday, July 16, at 5 p. m. The declamations are limited to the subject of temperance.

The Department of Instruction this year will be under the sole direction of Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, who, as it is well known, has been one of the chief workers in connection with this enterprise from its beginning. He is the only one now left of the original staff of instructors. Much as some of us must deplore the absence of Bishop Vincent—some of these his earlier co-workers—the lamented Sherwin, the versatile and enthusiastic Dunning, and the gifted, magnetic Holmes, not to mention the unique and genial Van Lennep, and the inimitable Frank Beard, let us be thankful we still have Dr. Hurlbut, but for whom this New England Assembly had hardly been possible. Long may he yet be spared to us—his familiar voice and shining face vouchsafing their benediction to this Assembly for many years to come!

Dr. Hurlbut will be associated in the department of instruction with Miss Annie S. Harlow, of Lowell, Mass., primary teacher, warmly endorsed by Drs. Baker and Dunning; Dr. J. B. Thomas, Biblical history, one of the most eloquent and scholarly speakers in the country; Prof. C. W. Votaw, Greek classes, and whose instructions last season in New Testament Greek were so deservedly popular; Prof. A. T. Schaulfer, musical department; and Miss Martha M. Barnes, gymnastics.

For the benefit of the children and "our young folks," I must not fail to mention that Joseph Burgess Weeks, reader, Fred Emerson Brooks, reader, E. W. Emerson, humorist, Henry S. Bryant, ventriloquist and impersonator, Geo. H. Pray, magician, are to give entertainments in the course of the session. There is also to be a stereopticon exhibition; besides bonfires, fireworks, processions, and what not.

Nothing can be more evident than that the directors of the N. E. Assembly, under the lead of their indefatigable president, Hon. Byron B. Johnson, of Waltham, Mass.—all of whose services, be it known, are entirely gratuitous—are determined that the public in this section of New England shall be supplied with Chautauqua facilities, and with intellectual and social entertainment unsurpassed by that afforded by any similar Assembly in the country. Let the Methodist, as well as the Christian public generally, by their generous patronage, show their practical appreciation of all these efforts for their benefit. Come to the New England Assembly for the year of our Lord 1891; let our preachers come; come especially, so as, amidst these delicious shades, to spend a quiet Sabbath, and hear our mutual friend, Dr. Parkhurst, of ZION'S HERALD, preach.

## Obituaries.

Moulton. — Sister Emily D. Moulton, wife of Brother James F. Moulton, fell asleep in Jesus at her late residence in Stoneham, Mass., May 30, 1891. She was born in Winchester, N. H., June 10, 1824.

After living in Woburn and Waltham, where she always attended church, she with her husband settled in Lowell, and at the Worthen Street M. E. Church in 1849 she was "born of the Spirit" and with her husband was received into the fellowship of that church. In 1863 they settled in Boston and united with the Church Street church, now People's Church, where she held her membership until transferred to the church triumphant in heaven. During her twelve years' residence in Stoneham she beautifully exemplified the true Christian character in all her intercourse with the people of her choice. When able, she constantly attended the means of grace, and was the prime life of the faithful wife and mother. For more than forty years she made home the dearest spot on earth to her husband and children. As one by one of her three children were removed by death, she said with full resignation: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." To the child of her adoption she proved herself a mother beloved. She was not a demonstrative Methodist, though her testimony was frequently given in the social religious services. Her consistent life spoke louder than words to those who lived with her and knew her best. She was a constant reader of ZION'S HERALD, and felt it to be a necessity in her home; its coming was looked for week by week as that of an old and dear friend and helper.

Chandler. — Calvin Chandler was born in Winthrop, Maine, October 13, 1799, and died in Turner, May 20, 1891, aged nearly 92 years. He was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and the last of a family of fifteen children. Most of his active life was spent in his native town. He was converted under the labors of Rev. Parker Jones in 1821, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He was twice married. His first wife, a most amiable woman, who lived but a few years, was the daughter of Zephion Howard. Brother Chandler was a consistent Christian and a faithful member of the church of Christ.

Being of a retiring disposition, he naturally shunned public duties, but was a true citizen, honest and upright in all his dealings with his fellow-men, a loving and tender husband, a kind and affectionate father, and a faithful friend. Though his years were long and heaped out, many of the loved ones had passed on before, yet patiently and cheerfully he bore the burden of the Lord's time. It came at length; the long pilgrimage was over; joyfully he laid down his staff and went out toward Immanuel's land.

Chandler. — Martha Howard, the second wife of Calvin Chandler, and daughter also of Zephion Howard, was born in Winslow, Maine, Sept. 11, 1818, and died in Turner, May 1, 1890, aged 73 years. Sister Chandler was early converted to God and united with the Methodist Church. She was a woman of rare qualities of mind and heart. Her love for the church of her choice was strong and constant. She was eminently of a self-sacrificing spirit; her loving heart and willing hands being ever ready to minister to others in times of sickness and trouble. She was a charming companion, the most faithful of friends, and greatly beloved. No mother was more affectionate, no wife more faithful. Tenderly did she minister to her husband in his age and feebleness, regretfully leaving him while yet he was to linger a little longer amid the lengthening shadows. Yet when her work was done, she was called to eternal rest, the summons was most welcome. "A rare case, and a rare woman," they said, standing around her casket.

Brother and Sister Chandler have entered into rest, and their works do follow them. To their children they have left a rich legacy of precious memories, to the world a goodly example. Their last home was with their daughter, Mrs. John Howard, in Turner. Two sons also survive—Ben—Lucius and Milton A. Chandler, of Boston. Vesta, a sweet spirit, early went home. John, a noble soul, died while recovering from a civil war. In the village burial-ground at Winthrop the dust of parents and children waits till the Lord shall come.

ROSCOE SANDERSON.

Husted. — Mrs. Harriet E. Husted was born January 15, 1805, and died June 13, 1891. Mrs. Husted was born in Monmouth, Maine, and when seven years old was taken by her parents, General and Mrs. James McLean, to Bath, Me., where her father was for many years a prominent ship builder. At the age of twenty-three she married her cousin, Captain Joseph K. Husted. Nine days after the wedding he was in command of the vessel "Leo," for the West Indies, and never returned, the vessel being wrecked on the return voyage. In 1828 she was converted at a camp-meeting in Gardiner, and was among the early members of the M. E. Church in Bath, and one of the originators of the Sunday-school—an institution that she cherished in her heart during life, and labored in constantly till after her seventy-fifth year.

In May, 1851, she was united in marriage with Rev. J. B. Husted, and gladly took up her abode and entered into the triumphs of a Methodist minister's wife. The sixtieth anniversary of that marriage was quietly celebrated May 18, and was keenly enjoyed by the happy couple and their numerous friends. Her husband was one of the foremost clergymen of his time, and was greatly in demand among the leading churches in New England; consequently he was called to serve very important churches in Portland, Gardiner, Augusta, Hallowell, Bath, and Bangor in Maine, and also in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. He was a man of great piety, and his life was a constant example to his family and to the church. He was a man of great piety, and his life was a constant example to his family and to the church.

Of the six children given to them there was with the mother in the home above, while the father rejoiced in the companionship of the three on earth. Richard W. is the faithful treasurer of Boston University and the efficient purchasing agent of the Old Colony R. R. corporation. Mrs. Southworth is the brilliant correspondent of numerous papers and magazines for many parts of the world; while Mrs. Bowditch has been the inseparable home companion and faithful daughter.

The home life of Mrs. Husted was singularly beautiful. As Dr. L. T. Townsend at the funeral services read Solomon's description of the woman whose life is far above rubies, all could see its appropriateness to this elect lady. Her husband was well-schooled, while her liberality was as extensive as the calls made upon it. One of the delightful places of earth for the pastors of the Methodist Church has been in her own home as it was in her father's. In her more public life she was an earnest promoter of religious, faithful and helpful in the circle of her choice; to the sick and suffering she was a loving and helpful friend; to the poor, and to all benevolent enterprises, she was a generous and constant benefactor. Her remarkable energy of character and her utterly unselfish spirit have been impressed throughout her long life upon multitudes who now gladly and reverently pronounce her memory blessed.

Up to the very close of her life she had been in quite vigorous health and remarkably free from infirmities common to old age. She enjoyed reading to the last, while she often did without glasses. She took great interest in the current affairs of the day, and was fully abreast with the times. She was full of life and light, and never felt herself to be a burden, while no one ever thought of her as such.

She was never called to taste of death; for, not feeling quite as well as usual, she was lying upon her bed when she passed away as one passes into a sweet and quiet sleep. The funeral services were at the home residence, under the husband settled in Lowell, and at the Worthen Street M. E. Church in 1849 she was "born of the Spirit" and with her husband was received into the fellowship of that church. In 1863 they settled in Boston and united with the Church Street church, now People's Church, where she held her membership until transferred to the church triumphant in heaven. During her twelve years' residence in Stoneham she beautifully exemplified the true Christian character in all her intercourse with the people of her choice. When able, she constantly attended the means of grace, and was the prime life of the faithful wife and mother. For more than forty years she made home the dearest spot on earth to her husband and children. As one by one of her three children were removed by death, she said with full resignation: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." To the child of her adoption she proved herself a mother beloved. She was not a demonstrative Methodist, though her testimony was frequently given in the social religious services. Her consistent life spoke louder than words to those who lived with her and knew her best. She was a constant reader of ZION'S HERALD, and felt it to be a necessity in her home; its coming was looked for week by week as that of an old and dear friend and helper.

After the discovery of Phosphates dates back to 1885, the shipments of this valuable material to utilize the immense phosphate districts of Florida as well as to open up new territory, Mr. ANTHONY PETERS, one of Boston's well-known merchants, who has Baking, Lumber, and other interests in South Florida, together with other capitalists, is about building the Arcadia Gulf Coast & Lakeland Railroad. Their advertisement appears in this issue, which gives a statement of fact, calling the attention of persons having small or large sums for investment. As this is the first announcement of the Company, early subscribers have the privilege of a bonus before the first section is put in operation.

"Had your vacation?" No. "Well don't forget to take along Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

DELICIOUS MINCE PIES EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

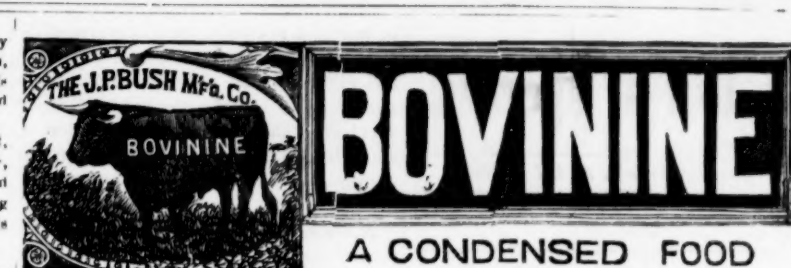
NONE SUCH CONDENSED Mince Meat

HIGHEST AWARD received at all Pure Food Expositions for Superior Quality, Cleanliness and Convenience to housekeepers.

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## The Family.

### "LOVE IS KING."

META E. B. THORNE.

The humblest deed, if written o'er  
With Love's sweet effluence divine,  
Fairer than costliest diadem  
Shall in that radiance shine;  
And hour by hour, and day by day,  
Fairer and brighter grow away.  
But many a deed that men behold  
And cry amazed, "How great! How grand!"  
Could we but see as angels do—  
In heaven's light shall seem to be  
A hideous, ghastly mockery.  
Love things its gracious robe of light  
O'er many a darkly shadowed lot,  
And in that rare and radiant guise  
The shades are all forgot;  
With happy eyes we only see  
That sweet, that heaven born charity.  
Oh, Love is dear! And Life is fair  
When it shall crown the other King,  
And with a glad and faithful heart  
To Love's sweet service cling;  
With light, swift feet and willing hands  
Hasting to do His blest commands.  
My Life, do thou thus crown thy King,  
And own with joy His blessed sway!

### PROVERBS.

One child's rainy day we sat, our fancy work in hand;  
Within the pleasant sitting-room, a merry little band;  
It had not rained sufficiently our patience yet to tire,  
Into each life some rain must fall," said grandma by the fire.  
We chatted softly as we worked, of this, and that,  
And then, when suddenly Lenora said, unlooked for that,  
"I think that Lester Allison is handsome as can be,"  
"Ah! handsome is that handsome does," said grandma quietly.  
And then we spoke of Cousin Rob, the gayest, dearest boy,  
Who lately came to the far West to live with Uncle Roy;  
"He will not stay," we said, "ah, no, only a little while."  
"A rolling stone gathers no moss," said grandma with a smile.  
"O dear! I've dropped a stitch," cried May, "way down an inch or two,  
And now to make it right I must my labor all undo;  
How could I be so dull and blind as not to sooner see?"  
"A stitch in time, my dear, saves nine," said grandma placidly.  
Later we spoke of some we knew, whose cherished plans had failed,  
The home was broken up, and one to some far port had sailed;  
No one had been to blame, and yet no help was there to see;  
"What can't be cured must be endured," said grandma quietly.  
"Look at my hat," cried bonny Bess, "it's most as good as new,  
You'd never dream that it once with rain was dripping through and through,  
I've curried the feathers, pressed the brim, and trimmed it over—see?"  
"A penny saved is a penny earned," said grandma thoughtfully.  
The day grew older, and the clouds hung lower on the hills,  
The garden paths were turned to beds for little rushing rills;  
"How dark it grows," at last we said, half discontentedly.  
"It's darkest just before the dawn," said grandma hopefully.  
The fog came rolling close to earth, and hid the landscape view,  
Then came the wind from out the north, and sudden some one cried,  
"The sun is breaking through the clouds, a glorious sight to see!"  
"Each cloud a silver lining has," said grandma tenderly.  
O grandma! with your silvery hair, and placid voice and face,  
While time's wrinkles still retain much of its olden grace,  
We listen to your timely words, and reverence your age,  
For you have proved the proverb true through a long pilgrimage.  
—LILLIAN GREY, in Good Housekeeping.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

There's no little groove or molding or fitting or finish, but is a bit of somebody's living; and life grows, going on. We've all got our pieces to do.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

The soul that knows the sweetness of His presence and His face shining on it will account no place nor condition hard, providing it may be refreshed with that; as the saints have been in caves and dungeons enjoying more of that light in those times when other comforts have been abridged. Then they have had a beam from heaven into their souls in their darkest dungeon far more worth than the light of the sun, and all the advantages the world can afford.—Archbishop Leighton.

To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds here and there who trust us, and whom we trust; some who know us, and whom we know; some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely upon us—makes a paradise of this great world. The only solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning, to us and to those whom we love and love and insight which show us all we have ever done. Good sagacity misjudges us; mere sympathy, feeble good nature, soothes, but does not essentially help us. But love illuminated by truth, truth warmed through and through by love—these perform for us the most blessed thing that one human being can do for another. They show us to ourselves; they show us what we really are, what we have been, may be, can be, shall be.—J. F. Clarke.

Sometimes we sow in soil of sin;  
Sometimes where choking thorns abound;  
And sometimes cast our good seed in  
Dry, stony ground.

Our stalks spring up and fade and die  
Under the burning noontide heat,  
And hopes and plans about us lie  
All incomplete;

And as the toilsome days go by  
Unreplenished with flowery ease,  
Angels may cry out, "Vanity  
Of vanities!"

Oh, when, fruitless, the night  
Descends upon our day of life,  
God grant we find our harvest white  
On heavenly hills!

—Alice Cary.

He who tempests the wind to the weak lamb,  
Tempests also the temptation to the weak soul.  
He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust. In that herd multitude who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, think not that there are only the dauntless and the powerful, the great in heart, and the strong in faith; no, there are many of the weak and the timid, many of the obscure and ignorant, many of the shrinking and suffering there. We saw not, till they were unfolded for the flight of death, their angel wings. Yes! Jacob, once a mean trickster, and Aaron, once a weak apostate, is there; and Rahab,

the harlot, and David, the adulterer; and Mary, the weeping Magdalene, and Matthew, the converted publican, and Dymas, the repentant thief; many as frail, many as fallen, many as sinful, as the weakest and the worst of you; but there are no stains on their white robes now; there is no weakness or meanness in their regenerated spirits now, and the solemn agony has faded from their brows.—F. W. Farrar, D. D.

Our religion is not a system of ideas about Christ. It is Christ. To believe in Him is what? To say a creed? To join a church? No; but to have a great, strong, divine Master, whom we perfectly love, whom we perfectly trust, whom we will follow anywhere, and who, as we follow Him or walk by His side, is always drawing out in us our true nature and making us determined to be true to it through everything, is always compelling us to see through falsehood and find the deepest truth, which is, in one great utterance of it, that we are the sons of God, who is thus always "leading us to the Father."—Phillips Brooks.

Death! Have you ever wrestled with the death-shadow till you know its inner sweetness? Sweetness greater than all, I would almost say. The loss is loss. We say, perhaps, "It is their gain," and wish to be willing, but we are not willing. Our hurt gets no relief. The days go by, and the emptiness is empty, and the silence is silent, and the ache as relentless in its pain. What shall we do? Our friends look on, and wish that they could help us. And they know that help will come, because to their own wrestling it once came. They know that the heart of this pain is joy indeed. And if you ask, what it came about in distress so very close as yours, their differing words will probably amount to this: that such pain can be still in one way only, and that is by being more actively unselfed, by doing more for others right through one's sadness, by trying hard to do simply right. It takes a while, yes; but they will assure us as an inward fact, whose chemistry they do not pretend to understand, that helpfulness and duty done at such a time deepen and sweeten into something within ourselves that almost seems a new experience from its exceeding peace. It is not time making us "forget,"—may, just the opposite; we know that somehow this new peace is vitally connected with that pain; and, at last, we come to think of them and feel them together. Later, we begin to call it peace, and forget that it was pain. And, by and by, the hour in memory which is our lingering-place for quiet, happy thoughts is the very one which is lighted by a dead friend's face. It is our heaven-spot; it bathes the fair city of the Apocalypse; it bathes the need of sun, for the glory of that face doth lighten it. . . . It is only another instance of the correlation of Pain with Gain—through struggle; the correlation of difficulty with exaltation—through wrestling; through the struggle, through the wrestling, through our will facing the hard thing, clenching it, never letting go, until we feel the gladness crowning us. We speak of the "ministry" of sin, of suffering, of disappointment, of sorrow, and speak truly; but none of these "ministers," not one, until they have been mastered. First our mastery, then their ministry. We say, "The Lord has chastened us," yes, but by summoning us to a wrestle in which it is our part never to let go!—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

### "ST. PAUL'S PRINCIPLE OF MAN'S PRIMACY." A Woman's Point of View.

EMMA S. COIT, A. M.

LAST evening a genial and honored friend handed me a copy of the trenchant article that appeared under the above heading in ZION'S HERALD of June 3. I turned to it eagerly for new light on St. Paul. I read in the pre-summing up of the case after the general statement of the fact of man's primacy the rather startling assertion that by reason of this primacy a woman's dress as well as her public conduct might be regulated by man; that the statement of St. Paul that in Christ there is "neither male nor female," refers not to organized Christianity, but to the spiritual life. If in organized Christianity there are male and female in regard to pre-eminence, would not the same passage reversed teach that there are also "bond and free," and where there are "Jew and Greek" one must rule over the other? By a "gracious impartiality" of God, the writer concedes to woman "a republic of common privilege in spiritual things," but is by no means sure that Augustine and Martensen were not correct in their conclusion that sex is fundamental and everlasting. The thought that the same cast of essentially sexual character might be eternal, yet with its highest function of procreation gone, was rather depressing at the outset. But Christ's calm, judicial words, "In heaven they do neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God" (without sex), reassured me, so I gathered courage and read on.

Rather wearily I traversed the well-beaten track of argument. Under the heading of "Two Historical Facts," I meekly read: "Woman began the downfall of the race;" and St. Chrysostom, who was scarcely *en rapport* with the higher mental and spiritual breadth of outlook of the twentieth century, is quoted: "The woman taught once and ruined all." But I read in it no reference to woman's exalting the human and honoring her sexhood for all time by producing among her ranks one woman so pure in life, so exalted in spiritual affinity to all things good, that through her Christ became incarnate.

"The Caricature of the Principle," is the next subdivision. In it the author was warned and fired into generous feeling by the wall of ruined girlhood, the cruelty of lust, and the "miserable prejudice against woman's education." Under the heading, "The Inspiration of St. Paul," the epigrammatic sentence occurs: "One [the headship of the man] was a matter of the construction of the Christian institution itself, and the other [human slavery] a matter of the external relations of this institution to civil government." That sounds most conclusive; but was not the Christian institution already constructed by the great Head of the Church Himself, who poured out His Spirit, the Comforter, on that faithful company of men and women who waited for it in an upper room? Should the writer not say rather that human slavery was a question of the subjection of the church to civil government? For if the principle of slavery was wrong, yet the requirements of civil government must be met. The same principle carried out to-day would make India's shame, child marriage, or the African slave trade right; would make man's dictum greater than God's law of right.

It is a well-worn theme. I do not intend to rehearse the arguments *pro* and *con*. But under "The Analysis of St. Paul's Teaching," the writer twists up a three-fold cord of primacy for man: first in "order," first in

"method," first in "purpose" of creation. Where is woman's place? I thought. A feeling of insignificance might have overcome me just here had I not gained a temporary gleam of light from the words: "The first shall be last, and the last first." But when I read further that a man might be "a cripple or a fool . . . but the law of his nature is all the same;" that, "the forms of life can merely express more or less perfectly the two facts" (of different sexhood, and consequently primacy because of sex), I realized then that the argument disproved itself.

The physical is ever lower than the mental and spiritual, nor must the spiritual and mental be dominated by the physical, or the whole plane of humanity is lowered. God's law is ever greater than its physical expression. To make unqualified sexhood the expression of God's law of supremacy, is to lose grasp of the higher and more God-like principle of the exaltation of the spiritual.

"Principle and Form." The directions in regard to a woman having her head covered are said to be given in deference to an Oriental symbolism, while the word concerning her teaching or having authority is of permanent value. They cannot thus be separated the one from the other. Either both are for the *tempores et mores*, or both are permanent and must be enforced wherever Christianity is taught. As to St. Paul's forcing through the Oriental symbolism the principle of man's primacy, that was a needless task, for it was already well established through all the countries where St. Paul planted his churches. The true idea of St. Paul's teaching seems to be this: He adapted his instructions in regard to forms, ceremonies, authority, rulers, etc., to the people to whom he wrote; giving to them such counsel as was best suited to their habits of thought and life, that they might work the more effectively in spiritual things. Forms and ceremonies pass away; manners and customs change with the centuries. It is the great principles of fellowship with Christ, of the incarnation, of atonement and redemption, that endure.

In the conclusion the author unconsciously recognizes this fact. I quote again: "As the centuries pass away, they will understand God's great plan for her being. . . . Then her quiet, mighty influence will dominate [italics mine] every department of life." That surely is more than we ask. We but desire to go gently into every stream of life, to help to cleanse and purify, not to dominate every department." "She will enter every final decision and every interest, as the sunlight burns its way restless." As I read those words, I lost my former perturbation. The great accumulated load of forbidden fruit grew lighter. Only a few more centuries! What are a few more centuries compared to almost four thousand years? Four thousand years in which one-half of humanity have toiled and striven to guide the world aright, and the other half has suffered and endured. Four thousand years in which effort has been often futile because but one-half the power has been applied. Roll on, ye centuries, until the clouds of prejudice are rifted and the "sunlight burns its way restless!" Then shall we all clearly see that the "life and work of woman" are not and cannot be "of more real value than that of man." For the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man. They set themselves to each

"Like perfect music unto noble words," and  
"Rise or sink together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free."  
Englewood, N. J.

### ABOUT WOMEN.

—Miss Frances E. Willard and her faithful co-laborer, Miss Anna Gordon, have been voted a year's leave of absence by the National W. C. T. U. This will be Miss Willard's first vacation in seventeen years.

—One evening recently Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells and Miss Florence Bargaine, of London, under police escort, made a tour of the North End dance halls and lodging houses for women in Boston, in the interest of philanthropy.

—Miss Alice Stone Blackwell was elected one of the trustees of the Convocation of Boston University on behalf of the College of Liberal Arts, and Dr. Almena J. Baker was elected one of the vice-presidents on behalf of the School of Medicine.

—A New York daily says: "The school-girls at Stamford, whose self denial has made a summer home for New York school-girls, deserve the happiest kind of a vacation this summer. They have given up many desired dainties and have worked industriously in preparing entertainments and thus have raised a considerable sum of money which will be expended in paying the expenses of a two-weeks' vacation for some hundreds of hard-worked girls from New York shores."

—The same daily is paid to the women and the men health inspectors in Chicago. There are five women and each one receives \$1,000 per annum. They were appointed at the request of the Women's Alliance, and possess police powers. The work of these inspectors is done chiefly in places where women and children are employed, and consists in enforcing sanitary regulations and discovering abuses.

—Mrs. Peary, who accompanied her husband on the latest Arctic exploring expedition, is a great walker and fond of roughing it, and expects to spend a great deal of time out of doors this summer. "I shall be sketching, take photographs of all the curious and pretty scenes," she says, "and expect to do considerable gunning. There are quantities of loons, elder-ducks, ptarmigan and various kinds of sea birds. Then, too, there will be a daily romp with my two jet black Newfoundland dogs, which were brought direct from St. John's, N. F., for me by Captain Pike, and I will practice snowshoeing and skier running. During the three months when we will have continuous snow I shall keep myself busy mounting my botanical specimens, reading, and looking after such things as belong to woman's department. Besides, we take with us many games. We will also have occasional musicales, each member of the party playing a different musical instrument. We propose to be a jolly party."

A petition, beautifully printed in carmine and black, on fine paper, has been signed by 30,000 young women representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions throughout the United States. It reads as follows: "Recognizing the manifoldness and intelligence which have caused the students in several of the most influential and widely known institutions of learning in the United States to exclude women from their class suppers, the members of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Unions, whose desire it is to raise an equal standard of purity and total abstinence, most heartily commend such action, and do earnestly petition all students, teachers, professors, ministers and laymen to banish alcoholic beverages from class suppers, alumni dinners, and all school and college festivals. We ask this for the great moral influence it would exert, and also because we believe example as well as precept is needed to promote scientific temperance instruction."

### EYENSONG.

To the blue ridges of the western mountains,  
The sun still faster speeds his downward way,  
Shadows are growing, fift winds are breathing  
The last sighs of the day.

The night is falling, teaching every creature  
To seek the refuge which bessems it best;  
Even thus life's solemn eventide is warning  
Our souls to seek a rest.

For me—perhaps for thee—the seventy life-marks  
Are falling well behind us on our track;  
For me—perhaps for thee—our years were dark  
ones;

Yet never can come back.  
And yet, through grace which none but God could  
make,  
Through sacrifice which none but Christ could  
make,  
With joy unmingled, infinite, eternal,  
The morn of heaven may break.

—The Christian (London).

### HAD HE MADE A MISTAKE?

MR. HORSELEY, at the breakfast table, was reading the stock quotations to his wife, who always took an affectionate, if vague, interest in his business. Suddenly, as his eye roved over the paper, it lightened.

"Ah! good! Listen to this, Kitty. 'The alumni of the class of '95 (my class, you know, twenty-five years back) will hold a reunion at the university next month. There will be a banquet, speeches, etc.' Well, folding the paper, 'I'm glad of that. I shall like to see the boys again. Some of them have been very successful.'"

"None more than yourself, John."  
"No, probably not."  
The rich banker nodded thoughtfully. He was not a purse-proud man. Still, he had given twenty years of his life to money-making, and, naturally, he fully appreciated the value of the money.

"I've not done badly," he said. "There's Tom Hare, too. Tom is head of the largest wheat syndicate in Illinois, and Caridon—he is president of a railroad. Dumont is United States judge, very nice little competency. The boys have done well by themselves—most of them."

"Except poor Will Morgan," said Mrs. Horseley, with a sigh.

"Yes, yes! Well, Morgan was obstinate, Kitty. He has himself to thank for all his troubles. When he left college I said to him: 'You have a few hundred dollars, so have I. I mean to invest mine in waste land in the Northern Liberties. Go in with me. It can be bought for a song, but the town is going out that way. In ten years cut up the land into lots and we shall be rich men.' He saw the truth of it. Morgan's no fool. But he said, 'I must have that money to educate me for the ministry,' and into the ministry he went. I bought the land, and—here we are, thirty years on."

Mrs. Horseley was silent for a few minutes. Then she said, "I suppose Will cannot afford to come to this reunion?"

"No, indeed. He has a little missionary church among the coal miners at six hundred a year. He has five children."

"Poor Bessy! He married Elizabeth Wynne, you know. She was a dear friend of mine, a delicate and fastidious girl. John?"

"Yes, my dear."  
"Why can we not ask Will and his wife to the reunion—here, to stay at the house? Buy the railway tickets to-day, and let me write and inclose them in the letter."

"A good idea! I'm glad you thought of it, Kitty. I shall be glad to give a little pleasure to the poor creatures."

Will was going out of the door he stopped.

"They'll be very shabby, you know. They'll look queer among your other guests," he said.

"That matters nothing to me," said Kitty, loftily. "My social position does not depend upon the clothes which my guests wear."

But when, a week or two later, the poor clergyman and his wife arrived, she was startled out of her usual calm complacency.

"They have the pinched, wan faces of people who never have enough to eat," she said to her husband. "Bessy's gown is one of her wedding dresses. She looks as if she had come out of the ark. And the Mercers and Townes are coming to dinner to-night. Something must be done at once!"

What does it matter? Morgan has been with me all day," said his husband. "Nobody thought worse of me because his overcoat was patched."

But Mrs. Horseley hurried out of the room. In a few moments she tapped at Mrs. Morgan's chamber door. She carried a pretty dainty little collar. It was fantastically trimmed and a little soiled.

"Bess, dear, we used to be just the same size. Won't you wear this for me?" Mrs. Morgan glanced at the gown and then at her friend's face.

"I would prefer to wear my own, Kitty," she said, coldly, "unless you very much wish it."

"I do wish it. Some people are coming for dinner."

"I understand. I will wear it."  
Mrs. Horseley laid down the dress and lingered uncomfortably. "I meant to be kind, Bessy."

The tears stood in Mrs. Morgan's gentle eyes.

"I know," she said. "This pride is wicked in me, I suppose. I am used to taking old clothes home from strangers. But you and I were girls together, you know, and equal. And now to think that you have to clothe me that I may not disgrace you in the eyes of your friends! It hurts."

The visit of the Morgans lasted a week. It was the first time that they had come to their home since their marriage sixteen years ago.

"Why," she thought, "should this child be wrapped in velvet and lace while mine, he said, almost fiercely, turning on her. 'I thought I was right.'"

"You were right, Will." But her tones were dull and cold. "Let us go to sleep now. I wish we had not come here. I am glad we are going back to-morrow."

"Do not tell me that I made a mistake!" he said, almost fiercely, turning on her. "I thought I was right." But her tones were dull and cold. "Let us go to sleep now. I wish we had not come here. I am glad we are going back to-morrow."

"The shabby little trunk had been sent to the station. The world probably looked differently to them both in the healthy morning light. Mrs. Morgan's blue eyes had regained something of their happy calm. She was watching little Lucy Horseley critically, and thinking that her own girls had stronger muscles and stronger brains with which to meet the world. Life had compensations—just balances after all. Her husband was talking to Mr. Horseley.

"I asked Tom Hare about his family," he said, "but he evaded the question."

"No wonder! He had a son who went to the dogs. So did Caridon's boy. The usual story of American lads, born to huge fortunes, launched on life without work or sense of responsibility and a vast sum to spend! Your sons, Will, have a tremendous advantage in being poor, with education, high principle and the necessity upon them of exertion. You may not see it, but it is true."

"I had not seen it," said Mr. Morgan with a sudden laugh, which seemed to come out from his heart. "I do see it now."

Before they had finished breakfast the waiter came up to Mr. Morgan.

"A lady to see you, sir. I told her you were going to leave town in a few minutes and were engaged, but she was very urgent."

The clergyman rose hastily and went down to the library. A woman plainly but comfortably dressed stood waiting for him. She came hastily to meet him, evidently controlling some deep emotion.

"I will not detain you, Mr. Morgan, but I may never have the chance to speak to you again. I have something to tell you."

"I am in no haste. Be calm," he said, kindly.

"I must tell you. I owe my life—I owe more than my life—to you. I was a poor seamstress, ill-paid, hungry, wretched. A married man who said he loved me offered me a home. I was in Harrisburg when you were in New York. I was a poor girl, but I knew what the temptation was to me! I was so weak, so tired, tired! There was nothing to hold me back but the remembrance of my mother, and she was in her grave. I wandered the streets that evening afraid to go to my wretched room and be alone. I came to the door of a little chapel. They were singing. I crept in to escape from myself in the crowd. You prayed and preached. Mr. Morgan, I shall always believe that God sent you that night to my lost soul to bring it back to Him. You prayed for me—me!"

Her sob choked her; she turned away.

"I thank God if I helped you," said Will, in a low voice.

"You saved me!" She came up to him and took his hand. "Every word you spoke was meant for me. You showed me Christ standing beside me, ready to help. I went back to my room and to my work the next day. He did help me. I married an honest man who loved me, and we have prospered. I wish you could see the four boys. They have been engaged for years, you know. But I felt that I must tell you that I owe all that I am to you."

When Mr. Morgan rejoined his wife there was a light in his eyes which had not been there for many days.

They had a long journey home that day. The rain beat on the windows of the car and the air was chill. At one of the stations two farmers came in who were members of Mr. Morgan's church. They met him with a shout of delight. His wife's heart beat faster at sight of the homely, kind faces. How they loved him! For how much he counted in their lives!

"We thought you would be on this train," one of them said. "It is time you were at home. The village is going to pieces without you. Ned Maskey is at home from Montana and wants to take my Jenny back with him. They've been engaged for years, you know. They're waiting for you to marry them. I want his blessing on my marriage, Jenny said, with tears in her eyes, to-day."

"And old Mother Finn is worse," said the other deacon, "and she is afraid she will die before you come. She thinks if the parson's beside her she can go down quietly into the dark valley."

"Have you seen my children lately?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Bless you, yes. See them every day. We took care of them. To tell you the truth, most of the folks will drop out of the world to-night. My wife and the other women have been boiling hams and baking cakes for supper all day. Oh, you've no idea how we missed you!"

As the train approached the station the conductor came to Will and touched his hat.

"You do not know me, sir?"

"Mr. Morgan hesitated.

"It is not Jennings?"

"Yes, Jennings," the man's face beamed with happy meanings. "Yes, sir; I have held this position now for four years. I will see my house at the next station, a pretty little cottage. My wife and the two babies are there."

"I am glad to hear it, Jennings, glad indeed!"

He wrung the man's hand cordially.

"I knew you would be, sir," Jennings turned to call the next station, and then added hurriedly: "I don't forget, Mr. Morgan! I don't forget!" and passed out of the car.

"Who is that, Will?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Don't you remember that poor drunken Jake Jennings?"

"Whom you brought home and kept for four months? And you have done all that for him? O Will!"

She thrust her hand into his in the darkness, and he held it close. How near in his poverty and pure purpose he came to the hearts of his people, of these poor Magdalenes and drunks! Hand in hand with them he was leading them to heaven—to Christ. They loved him. God was with him.

The train stopped at their own station presently. There were the children waving on the platform, and a crowd of his people smiling a welcome.

"O Will," she said, "I am glad that this is our home; you have chosen wisely."

Whom he had helped and strengthened, gathered around him, and he caught sight of Jennings' happy face on the platform of the vanishing train. He knew that there were higher successes in life than that of making money.—REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, in Congregationalist.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easier to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear. When you have missed any article, keep your temper and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work-bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."—Exchange.

### Through Aunt Serena's Spectacles.

ON a particularly depressing day not long ago—a day when heavy gray clouds hung low and the rain dripped sullenly and persistently, blotting out all brightness and beauty—I drew from a pile of new books one that promised much from its title—"In the Cheering-Up Business." "What could be better for a rainy day?" I thought, as I rapidly turned the pages. But the story proved to be quite insipid; the promise of the title page was unfulfilled. A young orphan girl, with the necessity of earning her own living upon her, and possessing no special talent or training for doing well any part of life's work, finally decides to go into the business of "cheering up" a disagreeable aunt. That so little is said concerning the "cheering-up" business, is most surprising thing about the book. But the needs of thought dropped by the author I would like to gather up and scatter in the furrows of your daily lives. Each one of us can go into the "cheering-up business" in our own families without the least difficulty—if we only will. Just think how merry and pleasant our home life would be if each member of the household felt in duty bound to be a "cheerer!" Even cloudy days and sick days would be bright then. A writer in the New York Times recently told about a widowed lady who began in a simple way to go around half-dressed and convalescent persons as a sort of temporary companion. She read to them, told funny stories, and looked at things cheerfully. With tact, discrimination, comfort and original ideas, she succeeded wonderfully, especially with ailing children and nervous persons. Perhaps some of my cheerful readers may find suggestion herein for work in a new line; and dependent individuals may possibly be incited to make an effort to sprinkle a few smiles around on their friends who are usually the recipients of gloomy frowns.

In conversation with a dear friend the other day regarding home life, he said regretfully: "My mother was a good woman, a Christian woman. She insisted on her boys going to church and Sunday-school, and taught us to pray; but—and an unbecomingly pathetic note crept into his voice—"I do not remember that my mother ever kissed me. She was of the old Puritan stock, unromantic, cold, repressed. My own children climb into my lap as they are, for caresses and kisses, but my mother never kissed me!" What do you think of a mother? Are there not scores of women of that type even now here in New England? With their impassioned faces, their unresponsiveness, they might be chiselled from stone, though often beneath this cold exterior flows a warm current of pent up affection and tender love which never finds expression. O mothers and fathers, if you are chiding the fresh young souls committed to your care, if for lack of a affectionate home interest your son or your daughter is seeking outside love and sympathy from questionable companions, will the Lord hold you guiltless, even if your life is irreproachable in every other respect? Be demonstrative! Show your



## Review of the Week.

1st of June 23.

W. G. Shaw, of Beverly, tried to kill his daughter and her supposed lover, and then killed himself.

A Home Rule motion in the House of Commons was voted down, 101 to 116.

The Standard Oil Company's workings in Germany are to be investigated.

The naval battalion will draw \$12 per head from the United States for arms and equipment.

The International Congress of Homoeopathic Physicians convened at Atlantic City yesterday.

Three boys were drowned yesterday near Washington, Pa. One of them had recently fallen heir to four millions of dollars.

England has appointed Sir George Baden-Powell and Mr. W. Dawson, of the Canadian Survey department, arbiters in the Bering Sea dispute.

Professor George M. Mowbray, the inventor of ultra-geometric, died at North Adams Sunday night.

Wednesday, June 24.

Armed Kurds held an English girl prisoner in defiance of the English consul.

The trial of the New Haven Railroad directors as being responsible for the Fourth Avenue tunnel accident, was begun in New York.

England sympathizes with the Chilean insurgents.

Bardley has made a complete confession.

Charles' son, S. C., had an earthquake shock last night.

Ally Brothers & Place, leather dealers, have assigned; they claim to have assets above liabilities.

Canada makes sugar free at a cost to her revenue of \$3,000,000.

The Harvard Law School Association held its quinquennial election yesterday.

A dispatch says that the Russian government has now forbidden Jews to emigrate.

Thursday, June 25.

The New York railway officials were all acquitted.

Mrs. Leavitt, W. C. T. U. round-the-world organizer, was given a reception in Berkeley, Cal.

The total yield of wheat in Kansas is estimated at over 75,000,000 bushels; a new record of the mustard family menaces the wheat crop in North Dakota.

A Connecticut Superior Court judge recognizes Bulley as governor of that State.

British subjects are forbidden to catch seal in Bering Sea until May 1, 1892.

A statue of Henry Ward Beecher was unveiled in Brooklyn yesterday.

Cloud-bursts and hurricanes in Iowa yesterday caused great devastation. In Cherokee, 75 houses were carried away.

The Harvard Commencement dinner was a brilliant occasion. Chief Justice Fuller was one of the speakers.

Mr. Gladstone's health has weakened since his attack of the influenza.

It is reported that Farnell and Mrs. O'Shea have been privately married.

Since July 1, 1861, this country has paid over a billion and a quarter to survivors of the war of the Rebellion, the Mexican war, and the war of the Revolution, or their widows and children.

Kemper William proposes to raise by lottery 8,000,000 marks, to be used in the work of combating slavery in Africa.

The British Education bill passed its second reading.

Frederick Brokaw, of Princeton College, was drowned at Long Branch in a heroic attempt to save the life of a young woman, who perished with him.

Friday, June 26.

At least fifteen miles of territory in the Northwest were devastated by the recent floods.

A terrific thunder storm in Austria slewed set on fire three villages.

Six thousand bakers strike in Paris; the bakers and grocers will join them.

M. Marguerite & Co., boot and shoe firm, assigns for \$400,000.

Col. A. G. Browne, lawyer, journalist and banker, died in this city.

Canada is to investigate the working of prohibition in other countries.

The "Forest Bismark" broke the eastern record to Southampton.

The Miguel Pueblo Indians threaten to go to war to prevent the compulsory education of their children.

Saturday, June 27.

Harvard won in the race on the Thames.

Connecticut was visited with the most severe thunder storm of the season.

Our commercial treaty with Spain goes into effect in September next.

Hon. John B. Allen has made an assignment.

Nearly 900 young men are seeking admission to Harvard this year.

Work upon the first of the World's Fair buildings—the Woman's building—was begun yesterday.

The Bowdoin College scientific expedition to Labrador sails to-day.

A cyclone at Mt. Carmel, Pa., killed six men and damaged property.

The Quincy disaster has already cost the Old Colony Company more than \$400,000, and there are six cases of injury yet pending.

Secretary Foster will recede the trade dollar bars and subsidiary silver into other denominations.

Monday, June 29.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon is seriously ill.

A disorderly scene occurred in the Italian Chamber of Deputies during a discussion of the foreign policy of the government.

The World's Fair officials have given to the Illinois Central Railroad the monopoly of carrying people to the Exposition grounds.

Desperate moon-shiners and murderers have been captured in West Virginia.

The new steamship, "La Touraine," beats the best record on her maiden trip from Havre.

The World's Student Conference opened at Northfield.

The British and United States cruisers will sail to Bering Sea in company.

## THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

sest plan have been received from 180 persons. The King's Daughters furnished the graduation dinner for the Monson Academy in the vestry, clearing \$30. Written examinations have been introduced into the Sunday-school, and \$40 worth of new books and a new catalogue have been provided for the library. Some welcome improvements have been made at the parsonage.

## N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

The Methodist church at Warren held a very interesting concert on Sunday evening, June 21. The literary and musical exercises were of a high order of merit. The vestry was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Rev. E. P. Flanders was pastor.

British observed Children's day on the same date. Before the exercises two children were baptized by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Davis. The fan exercise by twelve girls, each reciting a verse of poetry and raising a fan which she carried in her right hand, and at the close singing a verse in which the fans were used to denote infections of the music, and the exercise by the flower mission band of eight girls, each carrying a bouquet, which at the end of each recitation was placed on a large evergreen cross, were the chief features of the concert. Mr. G. H. Peck, the superintendent, presided.

At Phenix the members of the Epworth League recently held a very successful lawn

festival on the grounds of Mr. Henry Howard.

Dr. A. E. P. Albert's recent article in Zion's Herald, entitled, "The Negro in the South—What will become of Him?" was the subject of a lengthy editorial in the columns of the Providence Journal of June 26.

The position taken by the Doctor was accepted by the writer, and the paper was commended very highly.

Rev. J. A. Rood, of Harris Avenue, is quite an expert with a yacht. He with his family took a sail to Newport, attending the Ministerial Association. He has a fine trip planned, of which an account will be given later.

Dr. J. W. Webb, of St. Paul's, is expected home this week from his Western trip. Rev. J. H. Nutting and J. A. Newland supplied for him in his absence.

MELIOR.

**Norwich District.**

The District Preachers' Meeting held at Unacville was interesting and profitable. The sermons were good and the essays were carefully prepared. Some of the essays, however, failed to appear—a fact which interfered somewhat with the general success of the meeting of the Association. Twenty-three preachers were present, and the church gave them a hearty reception and excellent entertainment. Rev. J. Tregaskis, the pastor, did much to make the meeting a very pleasant one by anticipating the numerous wants of his brethren.

At the East Greenwich Academy among the graduates of this year was Miss Mary A. Adams, daughter of Rev. J. Q. Adams, of Vinton. Miss Adams received one of the prizes for excellence in speaking. In dramatic selections she is a most effective and powerful speaker. We understand that she is to enter Wesleyan University.

Miss Helen J. Edson, daughter of Rev. E. Edson, formerly presiding elder of this district, received the prize of \$10 for the best graduating essay. Her subject was, "A View of the Nihilist," and it was a paper of unusual merit.

O. L. C. N.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.**

**Dover District.**

East Rochester.—The pastor, Rev. B. O. Campbell, takes hold of all branches of his work with energy. A debt of \$318 is the objective point now, and \$237 of it has been provided since Conference; the expectation is that it will be closed out before September.

Grand opportunity, good working force, good generalship, expected victory. Revival services, conducted by Rev. E. H. Sweet, of Boston, were held for ten days, ending June 16, with great profit to the people. On Memorial day the pastor preached an impressive sermon before a crowded house, and on Children's day, which was observed with appropriate exercises, the attendance in the Sunday-school was the largest ever known in the history of this church. Good work is begun in neighborhood meetings led by the pastor Sunday afternoon.

Rochester rejoices in the good work done by Bro. Danforth. The people in large numbers gave him a reception at his coming. The work is going well. The claim has been fixed by unanimous vote at \$1,200. The Sunday-school rejoices in a new library room, and hopes for new books to grace its shelves and to interest and profit its members.

G. W. N.

**VERMONT CONFERENCE.**

**Montpelier District.**

Rev. W. H. Wight, of Rochester, has baptised and received on probation 4 since Conference.

Gaysville is building some new church sheds, and will soon erect a parsonage barn.

Bethel Lympus, in connection with the same church, is repairing its church edifice and constructing horse-sheds. These material improvements but typify corresponding spiritual prosperity, and demonstrate that Bro. Tucker's fifth year in that charge is to be the best of a successful pastorate.

In the death of Bro. Hiram Hathaway, Moretown loses an able counselor, a liberal giver, an active official, a warm-hearted worker, and a consistent Christian. The church is rich in the record he leaves behind.

Children's day is an established fact in nearly or quite every charge on the district.

Middlesex used the entire service sent out by the Board of Education, pleased a record filling every part of the church, and secured a collection 40 per cent. in advance of last year.

Pastor Howe, of Waitsfield, is fertile in resources, one of his latest devices being a "question-box," into which the congregation put questions on Christian life and conduct, to be answered the following Sunday. He was one of the efficient speakers at a county temperance meeting held at that place, June 17.

Montpelier District has, including the presiding elder, two men on the fifth year and three men on the fourth year. Steady work and general prosperity seem to be the order of the day all over the district.

Rev. W. H. Dean, late of Marshfield, who took a supernumerary relation last Conference, has selected Burlington as a place of residence.

The second annual field day at the Seminary was celebrated June 15. It was a great success, and some college records were broken.

**Springfield District.**

Our young brother, W. D. Spencer, acting pastor at South Reading, has recently been seriously afflicted in the death of his father and one of his sisters. Only four days separated them in the date of their decease, the father dying on Sunday and the sister on the following Thursday. The circumstances attending the death of the latter were exceedingly pathetic, calling forth the sympathies of the community in a quite unusual degree. They were both members of the M. E. Church, and enjoyed the confidence of those who knew them. Feeling the need of some change under these afflictive circumstances, our young brother took advantage of the writer's presence at his quarterly meeting and spent a few days in visiting his wife's friends in Athens. The very hospitable home of Bro. W. W. Humphrey, in the absence of the pastor and wife, made a delightful stopping place for two weary pilgrims who will long and thankfully remember the unceasing attentions paid them by their excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey and sister.

South Reading, it will be remembered, is the old-time residence of the very old lady, Madame Robinson, mother of Mrs. Alden Spear, of Newton Centre, Mass. It was our great pleasure to meet this venerable lady at her home, and to see her in her place in the holy sanctuary. Mrs. Robinson is possessed of remarkable vigor of both body and mind, and may have several years of enjoyable life before her. Mrs. Brown, another daughter of Mrs. R., who resides in St. Johnsbury, was visiting her mother. This gave us an opportunity of meeting her also; and having once at least enjoyed the hospitality of her beautiful home, the pleasure of meeting, was very great. George O. Robinson, esq., of

Detroit, perhaps the only surviving son of Mrs. Robinson, has with his newly-wedded wife made a flying visit to his childhood home. It was our misfortune not to meet these distinguished persons, the date of their coming being a day too late to afford us that pleasure.

B.

## MAINE CONFERENCE.

Correction.—The pastor at West Portland is David Pratt, and not T. F. Jones, as stated in the Minutes of Maine Conference. Will pastors kindly make the correction by pen before they dispose of their copies?

M. B. PRATT.

**Lewiston District.**

South Paris royally entertained the District Epworth League Convention, June 24 and 25. Superb weather, large audiences, spirituality, enthusiasm, excellent papers, the marked absence of seven out of the nine preachers and the paper, towards a dinner, much enjoyed music by the Maine Conference Male Quartet, characterized the gathering. Miss Alice Douglas, of Bath, gave a remarkably bright paper on "The Characteristics of a Live Sunday-school," which would prove an inspiration to every school that could secure its hearing. Rev. Thos. Whitelie, the pastor, an adept in entertaining Conferences, was in his happiest vein of humor.

**Portland District.**

Rev. G. R. Palmer is planning his work so as to be most helpful to the ministers on his district; arrangements for a successful camp-meeting at Old Orchard are well under way.

His brethren in the Maine Conference are delighted at the honor conferred upon Rev. D. B. Randall in receiving the degree of D. D. from Bates College.

**Scarboro.**—Rev. B. Freeman, who was first stationed here about thirty years ago, is highly appreciated in his present appointment. His meetings are well attended, and his sermons never fail to interest all.

**Biddeford.**—Sunday, June 21, 9 adults were baptized and 7 were received on probation.

**Portland, Congress St.**—Gifts from the Ladies' Circle of \$200, Mrs. Hulda Beale of \$100, Hon. H. H. Shaw of \$300, and A. Griffin of \$100 towards a parsonage, have determined the trustees to purchase a long-coveted lot of land and house adjoining the church lot.

F.

**Augusta District.**

The East Livemore Camp-meeting Association held their annual meeting at the campground, June 16. Presiding Elder J. B. Lapham and a number of preachers of Augusta District were present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Rev. W. H. Foster, president; J. F. Hunt, vice-president; A. D. Cole, secretary; A. D. Brown, treasurer; L. F. Gould, auditor; A. D. Cole, A. D. Brown, N. Sanborn, directors. It was decided to commence the camp-meeting Aug. 17, and close the 24th. The auditorium is to be re-seated at once.

A. D. COLE, Sec.

**EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.**

**Bucksport District.**

Cherryfield.—Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Lockhart desire to convey their thanks and grateful regards to their friends, members of the M. E. Church, and citizens of Cherryfield, who contributed to procure the beautiful carriage and harness lately presented to them.

**A MODEL RAILWAY.**

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. B., operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons but loses none.

The season has arrived when many of our readers are looking for some favored spot to the sea side for rest and recreation. The Bay View at Ferry Beach, Saco, Me., offers such a place of resort. It is one of the favored points on the coast. Located on the magnificent Saco Beach, with fine ocean view—secluded from the commotion of a railroad centre, and yet easy of access by a narrow gauge road from Old Orchard Beach. This hotel is under the management of Mrs. E. M. Manson, who is the owner, and so well known as a popular landlady. For additional particulars see advertisement in another column.

**MESSRS. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB'S JULY TOURS.** Summer tourists should consult Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's long list of tours before fixing upon their vacation outing. Thirty trips to eastern resorts, two excursions to Alaska, and two tours through the Yellowstone National Park are in their list for July and August. These trips offer many advantages, and the passenger has no need to trouble himself about the details, which in ordinary travel are often vexatious and destructive of comfort. The arrangements are carried out in a manner that is simply perfect, the various parties moving about without any special ostentation, and yet finding everywhere that the comfort has been studied in advance and provided for. The passenger takes his ticket, and intelligent agents and conductors "do the rest." The Alaska and Yellowstone National Park tours are immensely popular this year. One of the former parties has been filled several weeks, and the only remaining one is likely to be very soon. The number of passengers is limited. Descriptive circulars will be sent free on this and other matters to Mr. E. M. Manson, who is the owner, and so well known as a popular landlady. For additional particulars see advertisement in another column.

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